

# HASHIMA TOGO---DETECTIVE

## CHAMP CLARK; OR THE MOURNFUL MILTON FROM MISSOURI

To Editor Sunday Star, whose reports are so smart they arrive at many crimes in time to prevent them.

Of recently while me & Nogi was loitering around New White Hotel, Wash. D. C., hoping to find some delicious crimes to detect, our eyes were suddenly interrupted by Doc Harvey P. Wiley, famous Poor Poor examiner. He approached to us with calm, chemical expression.

"It is a nice fresh morning," he suggested for civility.

"These winter mornings keep fresh without preservatives," I collapse.

"Are you Togo & Nogi, detectives?" he require with amiable smile.

"We suspect it," I repose.

"Togo, do you wish to save the Nation?" he negotiate.

"What I have did before I can repeat by request," I judge. "What slight job of saving do you wish to done?"

"Are you aware of Hon. Champ Clark, Democratic landslide?" he relate.

"Oh surely, I might!" is noise I make.

"This Hon. Champ," say Hon. Wiley "have been acting very strange since he learned he would be next Speaker for Congress. Deep melancholy for his. Day and night he walks back and forth like he was hounded by ghosts and spooks. Like all Democrats, Hon. Clark is a poet. He has got rare rhyme-genius. He is not so great as Ella Filler Wheelcox, but he is lots better than Shakespeare. But, since this strange melon colic mania have took hold of Hon. Champ he walks continuously in his room making poetry about his troubles."

"What troubles has he got," I require.

"That are mystery which I wish you to detect," say Hon. Doc. "Ever since Election Day I have been watching him with all the intelligence of my Department of Chemistry. Why should he not be bounding with joyful gaiety? Shall he not be Speaker soon? Ah yes! Are this not stout fat job for all Americans to have? Indeedly it is! O Togo, go to Champ Clark and find out what make Hon. Liberty Bell of Democracy so cracked & sorrowful. Heaven shall reward you."

So we part very joyful from this high promise of pay.

At residential home of this Hon. Champ Clark we disguise ourselves to the national costume of Missourians and make entrance inside. In hallway nearside the parlor was 67 Democratic congressmen setting around with unhappy legs.

"How is Our Hero this morning?" require One.

"Deliciously worse," say other. "He is enjoying some secret grief which make him sing like a rheumatic nightingale."

In next-up room we could hear Veloc making basso elocution with lungs. Me & Nogi wait nervously through portiers. At end of room we observe a National Figure standing calm but excited. Statesmanship was wrote in every wrinkle of his pants. Benext him on table was a pitcher of ice water. In his right hand he clasped a gavel, in his left a slightish red book entitled "Robert's Rules of Order." He was grand like a smoke stack. He look like Henry Clay on the cover of a cigar box. Now & occasionally he would rap-tap table with

Hon. Gavil & yell, "Mr. Hobson has the floor!" He was rehearsing.

"We wish you bright morning, Mr. Speaker!" we acknowledge.

Hon. Clark brush back his handsome ears and declare musically: "Togo and Nogi, how d'ye? I cordially salute you."

May Fate upon the road of joy forevermore commune you."

We thank him for this symmetrical thought.

"O hon. Speaker," I corrode, "we have arrived here today for ask you one reply. Since Hon. Democrats has landslide all over America you have not been the same as formerly. Once you was the Merry Minstrel from Missouri. Now you are the Solom Scream O wlof the Session. Since you was picked for speaker you have forgot to smile. You act likt a Mormon bridegroom—appaled by so much happiness coming all at once. You are nervous and fidgeted. I ask to know, what peev are you enjoying in your secretive heart?"

Hon. Champ Clark made angular sigh with lungs and reply by following rhythm:

"I've ever worn my oriflamme like Henry of Navarre;

But when I took the Speakership they told me I'd be Czar.

They said I'd sit With flashing eye Declaring 'Niti'!

In accents high. With gavel loud

The desk I'd pound And quell the crowd

Who sat—"

Hon. Champ stop slightly to swallow a sob and a drink of water.

"You have fine poetical imagination," I collapse.

Hon. Champ drop small tear and continue onwards:

"I thought indeed. I had a cinch.

The strong I'd bleed. The weak I'd pinch.

I thought that I could make the Rules;

That anti-rooms and vestibules Would be with my Committees packed.

That slaves would eat my slightest Crumb,

And if I raised or lowered my thumb The House immediately would act.

And if a Member wished to vote, Or pass a law or pass a note,

Or rise and tell and anecdote, Or change the buttons on his coat,

Or from the Dingley Tariff quote, Or make of any Trust a goat,

Or split a hair or pluck a mote, Or ride New Nationalism's boat,

Or raise his hand, or clear his throat, I thought with glee,

How nice 'twould be— He'd have to get a Permit from me!"

Hon. Champ cover his eyebrows with his cuff. He wep.

"Did you find it otherwise from this?" I argue.

Hon. Champ Clark thusly reply with horse voice:

"Alas! How Fate our Hope doth nip With fingers sharp and cold!

They offered me the Speakership Upon a plate of gold.

They said, 'This gift we do submit O Hero of the Hour,

Although you cannot draw from it The very slightest power.

If you accept this token high Expressing our esteem,

You must be henceforth meek and shy, Averse to calcium's gleam.

You must be neither firm nor cross And strength you must not show—

You mustn't be a horrid boss. Like horrid Uncle Jo.

Your nerve must turn from iron to wood; For 'tis the Peepul's word

That cutesy little Speakers should Be seen but seldom Heard."

This Missourian Milton pull his Thos. Jefferson necktie.

"And yet it will be pleasant to sit on this high desk," I commune with Christian Science voice.

Hon. Clark reply following: A phonograph that cannot sing,

An aeroplane that cannot fly, A monarchly without a king,

A Georgia julp that is dry, An Aldrich vote in Wichita,

A Dreadnaught ship without a gun, A fur-lined coat in Panama,

A Roosevelt portrait in the Sun. Thus useless must I also be,

Though hedged with majesty about.

While Both Sides poke their thumbs at me—

The Speaker with his tongue cut out."

Hon. Champ Clark set gloomily backward with his feet elated on the back of a chair.

"Hon. Jo-Uncle Cannon have had a long and variegated experience in this Speaking job," I explain. "What do he say to you for good advice?"

Hon. Champ answer thusly: "O faintly would I ask advice from that there Grand Old Pluto Cat.

But how can black Republican give comfort to a Democrat?"

"We shall fix it for you," say me & Nogi together like chorus girls. So we depart away to Jo-Uncle Office in Capitol Bldg.

Disgulsing ourselves to look like Forest Rangers, we make knock-knock to door.

"Come inwards!" holla Jo-Uncular voice. We find this great Danvillian looking at us with home-made eyebrows.

"Hon Jo-Uncle," we clasp "that Champ Clark man is entirely ill with poetical sickness."

"Young Congressmens is often took thusly," he corrode.

"This Clark boy ask you in name of Red Cross Society, to come to his residence and give him advice which will save his life."

"My old age shall be devoted to charitable deeds," suggest Jo-Uncle pulling on his shoes. Next moments we was shooting through Washington in \$6,000 Government automobile.

Hon. Jo-Uncle took sofa next by Hon. Champ Clark.

"Young man," he commence, "what species of agony seems to ruffle your smooth stomach?"

Hon. Clark answer with this sing-song: "Dear sir, they've chosen me to boss the Democratic mules,

But how can one be rulerly pray, who cannot made the Rules?

You with a mighty Hand of Iron braved the Insurgents' rush;

But now by Fate I am constrained to wield the Hand of Mush.

O what can be more pitiful in earth or sea or air

Than an Automatic Gavil in the good old Speaker's Chair?"

"My infant son," say Hon. Jo-Uncle eating fatherly cigars, "you are sorrowful because, when you become Speaker, you will have no responsibility. I have arrived with consolation, Cesse to peev. I have been Speaker continuously for 196 years, and I speak from that slight experience. I am the greatest ex-king outside of Portugal. When I moved my cigar sideways 14 Pennsylvania Congressmen fainted from excitement. When I moved my cigar upward a Bill was passed. If my cigar accidentally tilted downwards, that Bill was slain. Thusly the time passed—and what I got out of it?"

No reply from Hon. Champ. Neither from me or Nogi.

"What I got out of it?" revoke Hon. Cannon. "Answer is, Calamafous Epitaphs. When ever Hon Tariff went up while being revised downwards everybody holla, 'Joe-Uncle done it.' I was blamed by Peace Societies for making battleships so big, by Secretaries of War for keeping them so small. If bribes was given in Texas or Cost of Living made insulting behavior in Maine, all whoop, 'Jo-Uncle done it!' If a Congressman remembered his Trust but forgot his Constituents, what he say when he go home? 'Jo-Uncle done it!' Therefore I was the escape goat for whatever war. And oftenly, while I sat on my goidy throne with my feet on a Progressive Republican and the Constitution under my royal thumbs, oftenly I thought, 'How much more loving and comfortable it would be if I was merely a dummy Speaker, doing nothing and never getting blamed for what I didn't do, a lovely statue, a work of art and a Man who could be respected for his dummy qualities of heart and mind.' Power, young son, is like any other variety of dynamite. It sounds splendid when it goes off, but the Man who has to carry it feels safer when he let it down softly in a load of hay and goes elsewhere for a smoke."

So I leave them 2 Speakers weeping on eath other's collars and saying poetry like Keats enjoying toothache. Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

—Washington Star.

## FRANK WORTHING DIES SUDDENLY

The following refers to a well-known American actor who was here with the Frawley company some years ago:

DETROIT, (Mich.), December 27.—

Frank Worthing, the leading man for Grace George, who is playing here this week in "Sauce for the Goose," dropped to the floor as he stepped on the stage at the Garrick Theater for the opening of the first act tonight and was dead in twenty minutes. Hemorrhage of the lungs was the cause. A physician was hurriedly summoned, but could do nothing to relieve the sufferer, who did not regain consciousness.

The orchestra was playing and the curtain was just about to go up. As soon as it was known that the attack was serious the audience was dismissed. Whether the engagement will be cancelled was not known tonight at the theater.

Mr. Worthing had been with the company only seven weeks, though he had been with Grace George in other companies. An occurrence similar to the one tonight took place at the Detroit Opera house about two years ago and almost proved fatal. He was with Grace George then, and fainted during a performance. He was carried from the stage and revived, but an understudy took his part.

Worthing has suffered for many years with consumption and has been very weak. He played last night, the opening night here, and the strain told heavily on him. Tonight he was urged by Miss George not to try to go on but he insisted that he was strong enough. It was the first appearance of the company in two weeks.

The body probably will be shipped to New York.

THE WICKED MAJORITY.

Miss Lillian Tod, the first woman to invent an aeroplane, was asked in an interview in New York to what she attributed her success.

"Success in aeronautics, as in most things," said Miss Tod, "is achieved by patience and faith in one's self. Now, had I been a pessimist—"

Miss Tod smiled.

"Pessimists like my friend's gardener on Long Island," she continued, "would not accomplish much in work like mine. This man was raking leaves off the lawn one fall day, when a neighbor, passing by, inquired of him:

"Where's the gardener who used to work here?"

"Dead, sir," was the reply.

"Dead!" said the astonished neighbor. Then, musing, he added: "Joined the great majority, eh?"

"Oh, sir," the gardener interrupted in a shocked voice. "I wouldn't like to say that. He was a good enough man as far as I know."

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